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# Forestry Art All Call

Ames Forestry Club

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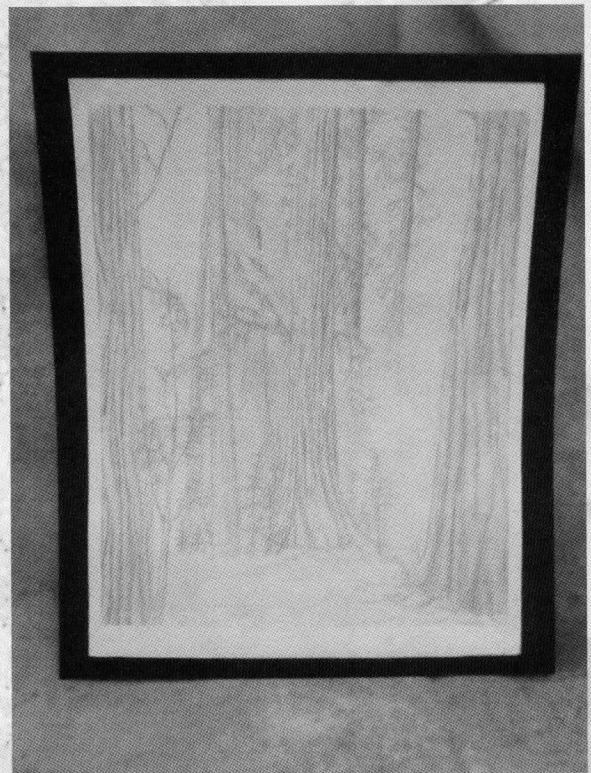
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# FORESTRY ART ALL CALL

THIS YEAR, THE AMES FORESTER ASKED THE FOLKS IN THE DEPARTMENT TO FLEX THEIR ARTISTIC MUSCLES AND SHOW OFF SOME OF THEIR WORK. THE DISPLAY CABINATES TURNED INTO A MINATURE GUGGENHEIM FOR A FEW WEEKS, AND HERE IS WHAT WAS DISPLAYED.



**PHOTOGRAPH  
BY MIKE KELLY**

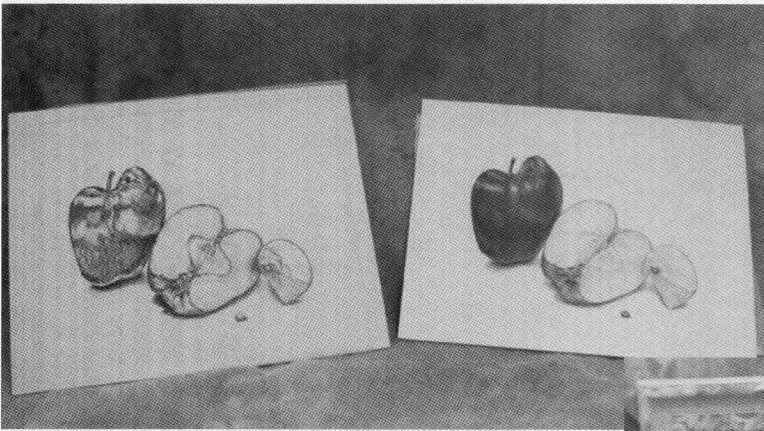


**FOREST SCENE BY  
JEN ANDERSON**

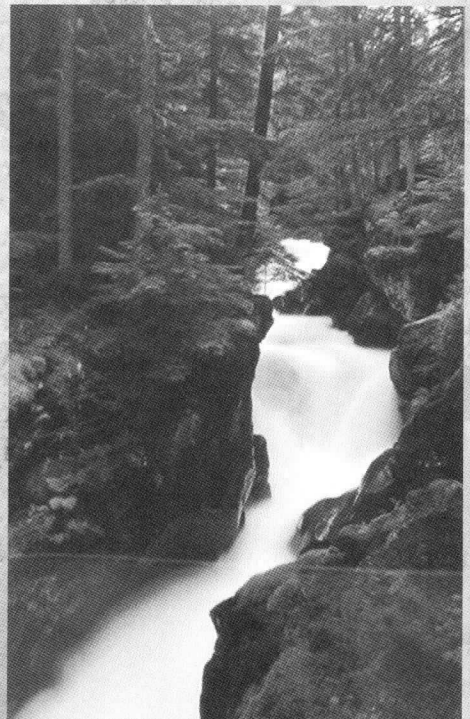
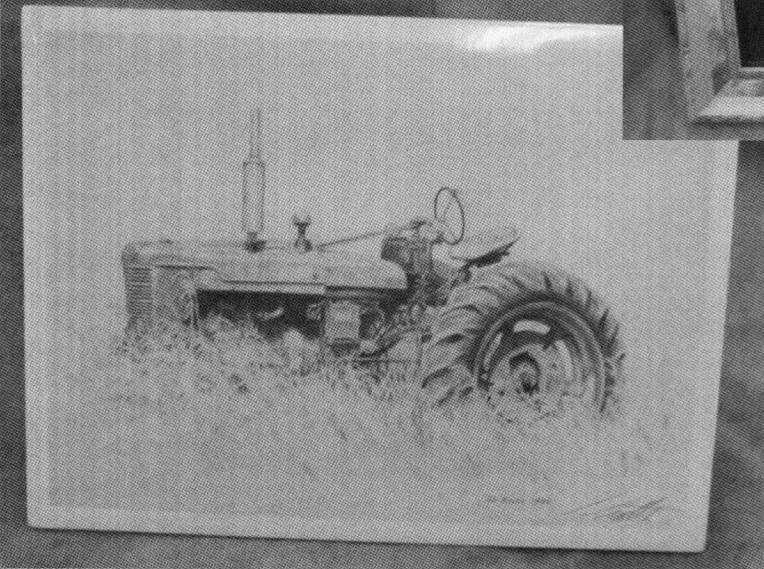


**POTTERY BY  
JEN NELSON**





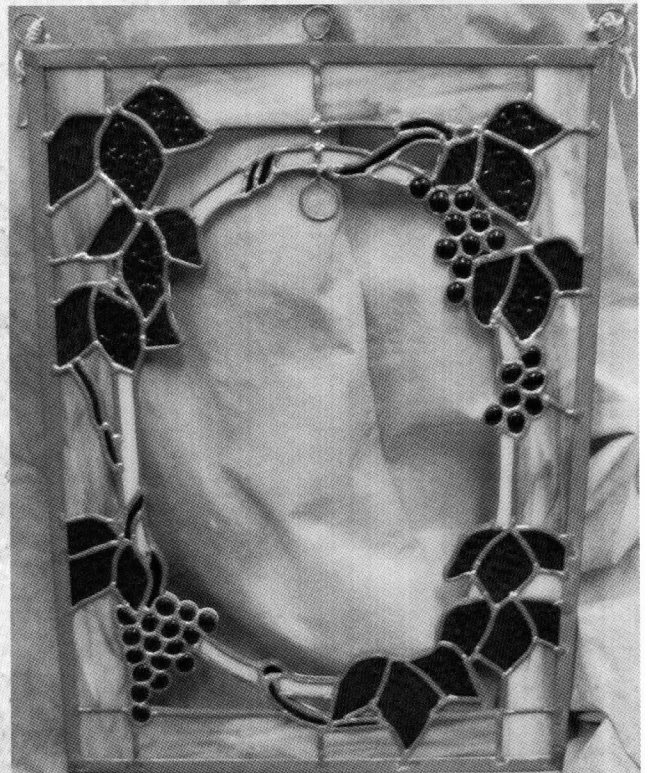
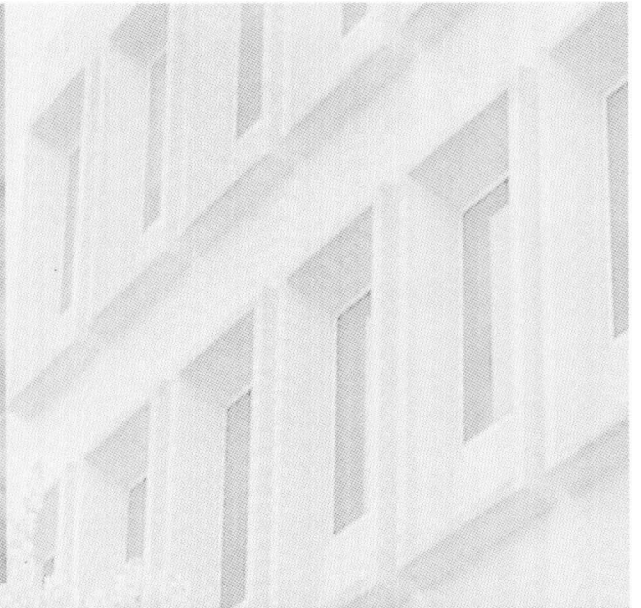
**SKETCHES BY  
JOHN SMITH**



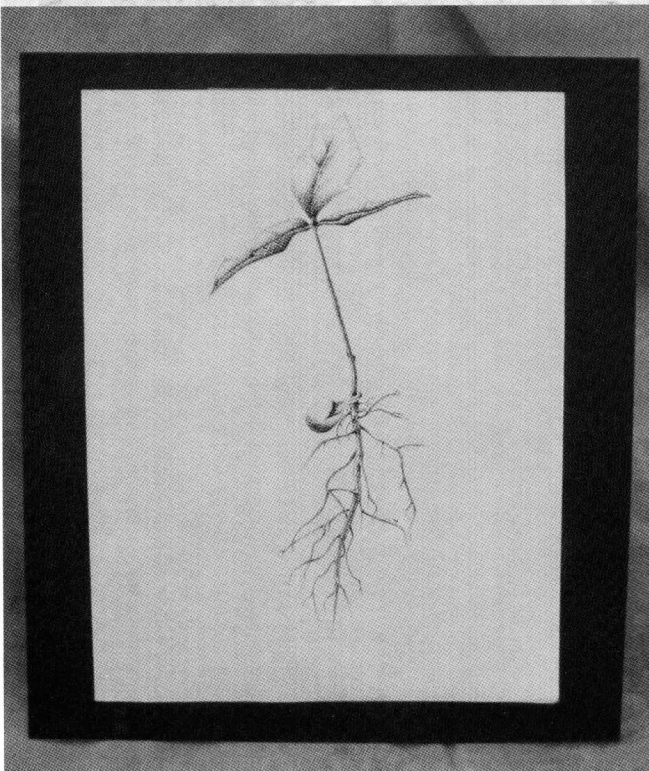
**PHOTOGRAPH BY  
ANN HAWKINS**



**POTTERY BY  
SPENCER WICKS**



**STAINED GLASS  
BY CARL MIZE**



**STIPPLE DRAWING  
BY JAN THOMPSON**



# LOST SOULS

Know your role look in your soul  
Only you can witness as your story unfolds.  
Live your life, and learn what you can  
Whatever happens in your life is part of a plan,  
A map is written and clues have been hidden  
Some of you don't have a clue why you're living  
Breathing, walking living in a dispute  
If you are still breathing, for you there must be a use  
You can't put your finger on the spot called the answer  
You keep looking for truth, and it's a hammer  
Banging in your sleep, you wake up every hour  
Hoping for a change in your life are you a coward?  
If you look for a direction when you are confused  
When you get scared when looking at the news  
Saying there is no end to the deaths and wars  
I look from one word that will come from the LORD!!  
It is that I'm coming back again for many  
Coming to take you to a better place and your friend Jimmy  
But my friend Jimmy is ready to die, and he gave up  
I can't let my friend fall that is why energy is saved up  
So I won't quit until he wakes up  
My life is for me and so others can take up  
Time so grab my hand, but don't pull me down  
Because I'll let go if you try to pull me from the clouds.

The wickedness of man that makes me disbelieve  
So many struggles that I've lived, I don't know how to receive  
A gift from another, and I question what I did  
To lose all of my money, my home and my kids  
Some lost their wives some lost their husbands  
Walked out or death and you did nothing  
You feel left here drowning in a toilet, that's flushing  
You're sick of asking nicely so you just start cussing.  
No other words can come out of your lips  
You're so mad because you're told that your life is a script  
Why would someone make you suffer like this  
And make you think that there is a chance your life will shine brightest  
There is no one here to show you another way  
Just another day so you'll mess up in every way  
Trying to get back at the MOST HIGH  
But the one that suffers the most is I  
Each time I try to help I get burned so deep  
Feel like spirits are playing with me in my sleep  
And when I wake up and look for gun  
A bullet hit me in my head saying that God isn't done.

# TROUBLED SON, FOUND FATHER

Where is my father I don't know how to be a man  
I can't even connect with half of my DNA strand  
So I join clans, to hell is where they ran  
But my misfortune is part of a bigger plan  
I learned how to be a father that I wasn't given  
So my life alone is a clue to why I am living  
So don't get caught up looking for cars, houses, and clothes  
Girls, men, or you'll end up screwed up and still broke  
More clues of how the world can suck you in  
I bet at times you still wish mama was here to tuck you in.  
But mama's gone now, which way do I turn  
Can't go to a graveyard or turn to ashes in an urn  
Cause when I talk, I don't get a response  
But the answer I hear is not what I want  
To hear but its what I need to grow  
Move on past this moment so when my story is told  
I can say I made mistakes  
Running into bad people cause my body couldn't wait  
When I did it I was scared to speak my choice, felt stupid  
Like no one else did it, but I'm not the first, let me prove it  
Some got diseases and they are still living  
Some are broken inside still got time for kidding.  
Too much isn't funny but I found a way  
To smile at my situation and never to sway  
To another path cause I feel worn but somehow  
I made it through so before I take a bow  
I can be proud and LOVE I can mean when I say it  
And people can hear my story and say that I can make it

Poetry by Thomas  
Easley



# Chicken Pluckin'

An ode to days gone by  
In honor of Aunt Lucielle's 80th birthday

By Steve Jungst

It happened every summer,  
or at least I thought it did.  
Pluckin chickens at Lucielle's  
when I was just a kid.

I don't know when it started.  
I might have been 'bout ten.  
When I learned the doubtful pleasures  
of pullin' feathers off a hen.

The goal of course was meat.  
Enough to last a year.  
Our mothers thought we'd otta  
help,  
and they convinced us outa fear.

There was me and Glen and  
Stanley,  
Roger and Jr. too.  
The women did the butcherin',  
but we were the pluckin' crew.

You had to catch the squawkin'  
things,  
and part 'em from their head.  
Dip 'em in boiling water,  
and hang 'em in the shed.

We each got a soggy chicken  
to remove the feathers from.  
You had to be inventive  
to think you was havin' fun.

An old dead drippin' chicken  
don't smell so good you know,  
and them slippery slimy feathers  
will cover you head to toe.

They stick to both your hands.  
You get 'em in your ears.  
You can suck 'em up your nose.  
It'll drive a guy to tears.

The pluckin' didn't last long,  
but it came in shifts you see.  
So even in your off time  
you knew you wasn't free

While the women did the  
butcherin',  
we'd try to be long gone.  
We'd hide up in the haymow,  
or out beyond the pond.

But the county wasn't big enough,  
and Lucielle would track us down.  
She could always get us back in  
time  
to start another round.

And so we passed our summer  
days  
Pluckin' chickens in the shed.  
Wonderin' if those memories  
Would ever leave our heads.

Some folks yearn for bygone  
days  
To be fit and young again.  
But I think old ain't half as bad  
As pluckin' slippery hens.

# But Now I've Changed My Mind

By Steve Jungst  
(Inspired by Project LEA/RNTM SOL Group)

I really thought I'd like to teach  
when I first started in.  
I thought I'd pour my knowledge  
into young cerebral bins.

I thought I'd tell them all they'd need,  
or ever want to know.  
Thought I'd cover topics right and left.  
Thought I'd really be a show.

So teach I did for many years,  
expounding all I knew,  
But something seemed so lacking,  
and my doubts just grew and grew

Then as sometimes happens  
when we least expect it to,  
a solution to the problem  
came slowly into view.

My mind began to change.  
I had a real insight.  
You can't just give them knowledge.  
They have to win it in a fight.

Knowledge isn't changeless;  
it's contextual and alive.  
It's at the center of all things.  
It ebbs and flows and thrives.

Students have to know this.  
They have to think to understand.  
We have to activate their minds,  
but learning's in their hands.

We need to realize, to help them win  
the knowledge fight,  
they need a chance to make it theirs,  
to build their own insights.

The important measure in the end,  
the one that needs to show,  
is not how much I try to teach,  
but what they finally know.

So teaching's not my focus now,  
and I think it's safe to say  
that facilitating learning  
is how I spend my days.

Helping them to truly learn  
has been a satisfying find.  
I used to think I'd like to teach —  
but now I've changed my mind.